

Bloomfield Gazette.

W. P. LYON, A. M., Editors.
CHAS. M. DAVIS, A. M.

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

Vol. I. No. 5.

FINANCIAL.

Republic Trust Company,

812 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Interest allowed on Deposits of any amount, for short or long term. All Deposits payable on demand.

Individuals, firms or corporations may open accounts with this Company same as with Bank.

All deposits subject to check or sight, with the advantage of accumulation of interest on daily balance.

Will accept Trusts of every description: acts in capacity of Executor, Trustee, Guardian, Trustee, etc.

TRUSTEES:
T. E. Paddie, Vice-Pres't; Jeremiah O'Rourke,
Marcus Sayre, Isaac J. Everett;
Thos. N. McCarter, B. Jansen;
D. Wilson, Robert F. Ballantine;
J. A. Tracy, Joseph Bigelow;
Geo. W. Smith, Wm. Rockwell;
David Campbell, John C. Johnson;
Elwin C. Hurt, John L. Gunther;
James B. Boylan, D. M. Wilson, Pres't.

WM. ROCKWELL, Secy. D. M. WILSON, Pres't.
Sept 12th

INSURE IN THE HUMBOLDT (MUTUAL) INSURANCE COMPANY.

Assets over \$1,000,000.

Office, 753 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

This Company Insures against loss and damage by Fire, Dwelling, Furniture, Buildings and Merchandise, at favorable rates, either on the Mutual or non-participating plan.

OFFICERS:
Elias F. Hiscox, Secy.; George Brown, Pres't.
James A. Hedges, Treas.; E. W. McCutcheon, Vice-Pres't.

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, CHARTERED IN 1843.

Office on Liberty St., near Broad Avenue, BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Stores and other country property, on terms more favorable than any other Company. It has no city risks, and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chicago fire. Z. B. DODD, President.

Thos. G. DODD, Sec'y. Sept 12th

BLOOMFIELD SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

Liberty St., near Broad Avenue.

This Institution has always paid to Depositors Interest at the rate of seven (7) per cent. per annum. All monies deposited on or before the 1st of October, will draw interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Pres't., W. S. BALDWIN, Pres't.

Sept 12th

People's Savings Institution.

This Popular Institution located in RHODES' BUILDING,

within a few doors of the Morris and Essex Depot at NEWARK, continues to pay Interest on Deposits, at the rate of Seven (7) per cent. per annum. It is being an "Up Town" Institution, it is largely patronized by the "Up Town" people, as well as those from the Township near by. Patronage Solicited.

H. M. RHODES, President.
JAMES A. HEDDEN, Treas.

American Trust Company, OF NEW JERSEY.

Subject at all times to the Supervision of the Supreme Court.

OFFICE, No. 720 BROAD ST., NEWARK.

Paid-up Capital \$250,000.

Allows four per cent. per annum interest on deposits, from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, excepting the first day of each month. Interest credited in account monthly.

Received Special Deposits as specified below on liberal rates of interest.

Issues Certificates of Deposit with or without Interest, for use as Remittances or Investments.

IS AUTHORIZED

To Execute Trusts of every description from Courts, Corporations and Individuals.

To take Charge of and Manage Real or Personal Estates; Collect Coupons or Interest, Remitting or Crediting the same on account as may be desired.

To Receive for Safe Keeping, Bullion, Plate, and Valuables of all kinds.

To Guarantee the Payment of all kinds of Evidence of Debt, and to Purchase the same.

JOHN McGREGOR, PRESIDENT.

NATHANIEL NILES, VICE PRESIDENT.

W. A. WHITEHEAD, TREASURER.

JOHN H. CHAMBERS, SECRETARY.

Newark Savings Institution,

No. 500, 502 and 504 Broad St.,

Corner of Mechanic St., Newark, N. J.

The Oldest Savings Bank in the State.

Open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Deposits made on or before October 1, 1872, draw

Interest from the date.

DANIEL DODD, President.

W. M. D. CARTER, Treasurer.

Sept 12th

Bloomfield Gazette.

Subscriptions for 6 months, from No. 1 to No. 12, 50 cts. in advance, may be made at Bloomfield P. O. The Gazette will be for sale in Bloomfield at the Post Office, at Gilbert's News Room, and at Cadmus Stationery Store, and at Irving's News Room, Montclair.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 time	3 times	6 times	12 times
1 inch	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$4.50	\$8.00
2 "	1.75	4.50	8.00	15.00
4 "	3.00	8.00	15.00	28.00
8 "	6.00	15.00	25.00	45.00

All Advertisements to be paid in advance. No charge for the Gazette to six months' advertisers.

A Story of Western Emigration, from actual experience.

[Written for the Gazette by a Bloomfielder.]

SECOND STAGE.

After moving on in this fashion about three weeks, making about twenty miles a day, it became certain we could not reach the head of navigation, Olean Point in our present conveyances. Regrets were unavailing—repentance useless! We could not go back. We could not go forward, nor could we remain where we were. Some change must be made. At one of our stopping places, a shrewd, designing man saw our trouble, and resolved to make our necessity his opportunity. He proposed to buy the double team and take us to Angelica in a sleigh. In our strait my father was an easy victim. The man could not give the whole value in cash, but he had a fine gold watch, which would be the same as money. To help us in our time of need, he would give him a certain sum of money, and the gold watch at his own valuation, and take to Angelica. The offer was accepted.—The coach and beautiful grays were no longer ours, and we were soon skimming over the ground in an open sleigh. The light wagon followed on as best it could.

It was now the last of February, and just as we had got nicely started on runners, the snow began to melt and wear down, so that the carriage would have gone well, and we had to pick our way to avoid bare spots. In this sleigh we crossed the Genesee river three times in one day on the ice, when it was so near breaking up that the water flowed over the top. The venturesome, reckless driver ran his horses across at the risk of our lives, but, by the blessing of God, we reached our destination without injury. Angelica is in Allegany Co., and forty miles from Olean Point. The roads in that region were nearly impassable while the snow was going off and the frost coming out of the ground. We were forced to remain here six weeks for the ground to settle. We were favored in finding a part of a house in which to spend this interval.

Through all these losses, dangers, and discouragements, my father kept up his courage. He did not relent. He felt rich with such a good wife and ten smart children to help him in the new country, and a gold watch in his pocket. When the roads became good, he hired a man to take us on to Olean Point. Here we took another step downward. We had lived in part of a house in Angelica: now we must go into a shanty. All the emigrants did. There was a village of them, full of people waiting for boats to be built. Boat-building was a good business.

Notwithstanding all our humiliating experiences, and the condition we were then in, we had not lost a particle of our New England dignity, aristocracy, and I must add pride. We held up our heads. We really, though foolishly, felt ourselves superior to our neighbors of the shanties. It seemed all well enough for them, but for us it was incongruous.

In two weeks our boat was ready, our clothes all clean and provisions laid in. We embarked alone—no pilot. The Allegheny river here is full of sand-bars, shoals, rocks and snags. We made our way around, among and through as best we could, till we reached Kittanning, Pa., where we stopped and took a room to wash and bake. It was the age of back-logs and fore-sticks. There was no means of hanging a vessel over the fire to heat water in, so it was of necessity set upon a strong fore-stick. Now we were to be taken down—our pride humbled. All unseen, the fore-stick had burned away. My oldest brother, whom we all revered on account of his education, having been taken from an institution of learning to accompany the family, stood with his back to the fire, when the stick gave way and the kettle of boiling water came down on one of his legs. He had on long stockings, gartered at the knee. When in our perturbation and fright at hearing his terrific screams, we at last removed the garter and turned off the stocking, the skin came off with it. It was a distressing sight. Neighbors were soon on hand with their several prescriptions. One kind, well-meaning

woman said—"An Injun meal poultice was the best thing she ever heard on for a burn—would take the fire right out on it." So she made one, and, without a cloth between, applied it to the raw flesh. His torture was now past endurance. He screamed and writhed and groaned and begged to have it removed. The good woman insisted that it was the best remedy; but my mother thought otherwise and relieved him, applying her own specifics. That coarse meal was imbedded in the flesh, and at length healed into the skin, and was visible for years after.

This occurrence detained us three weeks instead of two or three days as we intended. We were carried to the boat, and we again proceeded down the river, hoping soon to see the shores of Ohio. This detention had made large drafts on our funds. Now the watch came into requisition. It must be sold. It was offered for sale at a town where we landed, but what was my father's disappointment to find it was pinchbeck gold, my father's ardor was somewhat abated. The recollection of what he had possessed, had sacrificed—left—lost; the state he had brought his family into, and the sad, patient, enduring deportment of my mother, outweighed his anticipations of Western prosperity. Indeed we all began to think it would be through great tribulation that we should enter this terrestrial heaven.

When we arrived at Wheeling, Va., want of funds again compelled us to stop. It was at the time that the great National Turnpike across the Allegheny Mountains was being constructed; and hearing that money enough had been saved to buy a town lot, on which my father built a comfortable house.

The town was first settled by the French, and they were still there in considerable numbers. The character and spirit of the people here were the antipodes of the Virginians. They were polite, genial, generous, appreciative, and accessible. It may be supposed that, in our destitute condition, we descended to the lower stratum of society. That does not follow. Our mother's maxim was, "Good company, or none." She taught us that poverty need not necessarily bring degradation. "Let us keep quiet," she would say, "and take observations. Don't be in a hurry to make acquaintances. We can live by ourselves awhile. If low and unworthy persons seek our company, we will treat them with civility—nothing more, and never return their attentions, and they will soon cease to trouble us." We acted on this principle, and were well rewarded.

The town contained seven hundred inhabitants, twenty stores, a Court house and fine brick academy. Religious services were held in both these public buildings, there being no church edifice.

Four of us attended this excellent school, which consisted of three departments, the Presbyterian minister being principal. The pupils were from the best families—consequently, in addition to mental illumination and enlargement, valuable acquaintances were made, and life-long friendships formed. Thus the Lord looked upon us in our low estate.

During the sixth year of our residence here, the Western fever prevailed to a fearful extent, and was alarmingly fatal. Four of our family were prostrated with it, my father one of them. School and work were suspended.

My father was terribly frightened, it being the first sickness of his life, and he feared he should die. Being of a visionary temperament, in the vagaries of his fever he said he heard a voice distinctly say to him, "Flee out of this place." From that moment he resolved that, if God should spare his life, he would sell his hardly-earned place, leave the land of his dreams and return to the East. He did recover, and kept his resolution.

Learning by the newspapers that three thousand houses were then going up in New York city, my father, with the approbation of the family, resolved to endeavor to retrieve his lost fortune in that metropolis. In a little more than eight years from the time we left our New England home, we embarked on an Ohio river steamboat for Pittsburgh, thence crossing the Allegheny Mountains to Philadelphia, and thence in a boat for New York. Thus terminated our Western experience, of which we all had quite enough.

During the twenty months we spent here, we had an opportunity to see some of the aspects of slavery. A number of shocking cases of cruelty and even brutality occurred which I could narrate had I time and space.

It was at Wheeling, in 1818, that we first heard of a Sabbath-school. Two Christian gentlemen were canvassing for scholars, and came to our house and invited us to attend. After we had been there three or four Sabbath's, I, being about fifteen, and grown up, the superintendent asked me to take a class. The entering this school was the first step up from our state of humiliation. I wish those men could know the import of that simple deed.

It was about two years since we left our home at the East, and we had not realized one of our dreams, nor set foot on the soil of Ohio. Now, my father's contracts being ended, and health restored to the family, we again resumed our journey down the Ohio river in an immense flat-bottomed boat, with two other families from Maine, who, as well as ourselves, had vessels ready to be loaded. We had no difficulty in finding a comfortable house, and now we were really in Ohio, the land of our elysian dreams. Now for the realization of our fond anticipations! Now for the farm! Where were the wild hogs? We wanted one. Where were the turkeys and geese?

We were fond of game. Where could we find some wild honey? Our sugar was out. Where were the "custard apples"? We would like a pie. It was very easy for that man at the mill to say to my father "Just take your gun on your shoulder an' go out an' shoot a wild hog," but we had no gun, and besides, we were gravely told that every hog in the woods was owned and marked, and any man would be prosecuted who should shoot one. The wild honey was miles away *somewhere* in the woods. We learned that "custard apple" was another name for the papaya, and the very hogs wouldn't eat them. This was the closing scene of the drama. We bowed ourselves off the stage, and went soberly to work to earn our livelihood by the sweat of our brow, like other people, "clothed and in our right mind."

This was another step in an upward direction. There was plenty of remunerative work, and here was a sensible, industrious family to do it; and at the end of five years money enough had been saved to buy a town lot, on which my father built a comfortable house.

The town was first settled by the French, and they were still there in considerable numbers. The character and spirit of the people here were the antipodes of the Virginians. They were polite, genial, generous, appreciative, and accessible. It may be supposed that, in our destitute condition, we descended to the lower stratum of society. That does not follow. Our mother's maxim was, "Good company, or none." She taught us that poverty need not necessarily bring degradation. "Let us keep quiet," she would say, "and take observations. Don't be in a hurry to make acquaintances. We can live by ourselves awhile. If low and unworthy persons seek our company, we will treat them with civility—nothing more, and never return their attentions, and they will soon cease to trouble us." We acted on this principle, and were well rewarded.

The town contained seven hundred inhabitants, twenty stores, a Court house and fine brick academy. Religious services were held in both these public buildings, there being no church edifice.

Four of us attended this excellent school, which consisted of three departments, the Presbyterian minister being principal. The pupils were from the best families—consequently, in addition to mental illumination and enlargement, valuable acquaintances were made, and life-long friendships formed. Thus the Lord looked upon us in our low estate.

During the sixth year of our residence here, the Western fever prevailed to a fearful extent, and was alarmingly fatal. Four of our family were prostrated with it, my father one of them. School and work were suspended.

My father was terribly frightened, it being the first sickness of his life, and he feared he should die. Being of a visionary temperament, in the vagaries of his fever he said he heard a voice distinctly say to him, "Flee out of this place." From that moment he resolved that, if God should spare his life, he would sell his hardly-earned place, leave the land of his dreams and return to the East. He did recover, and kept his resolution.

Learning by the newspapers that three thousand houses were then going up in New York city, my father, with the approbation of the family, resolved to endeavor to retrieve his lost fortune in that metropolis. In a little more than eight years from the time we left our New England home, we embarked on an Ohio river steamboat for Pittsburgh, thence crossing the Allegheny Mountains to Philadelphia, and thence in a boat for New York. Thus terminated our Western experience, of which we all had quite enough.

During the twenty months we spent here, we had an opportunity to see some of the aspects of slavery. A number of shocking cases of cruelty and even brutality occurred which I could narrate had I time and space.

It was at Wheeling, in 1818, that we first heard of a Sabbath-school. Two Christian gentlemen were canvassing for scholars, and came to our house and invited us to attend. After we had been there three or four Sabbath's, I, being about fifteen, and grown up, the superintendent asked me to take a class. The entering this school was the first step up from our state of humiliation. I wish those men could know the